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# The Lonely Fisherman

[fish](#) [adventure](#)

78 2 4

## Chapter 1 by Anthony Eike

The grand blue sky looking over all. The warm yellow sun shining on everything. The tall trees atop the mountain. The gentle river flowing constantly. Living among all these things was one man. Over the years this man had grown accustomed to living alone in his cabin near the river. He didn't mind the loneliness it allowed him to think and become one with nature. He had no friends and no family, just him and the clouds.

Everyday this man took his hand crafted fishing pole to the river, and everyday he caught a fish just big enough to last him that day. He never caught more, and he never caught less.

Over time the man found himself longing to meet another person, someone to talk with, someone to show the beauty he has become so familiar with. It was time to leave his cabin and search for another.

He took his fishing pole, his clothes, and set off on his adventure, but since he had no idea where to go he followed his river down the mountain. He did not know if he would see his cabin again, but he left without turning back.

## Chapter 2 by DoomishFox



There was no distinct path, so the man kept to the riverbank for travel. Tall trees arced gracefully over the gently whispering water. There were only insects to keep him company. The smooth pebbles of the ground parted at every step with a harsh grating sound, the only blemish in the otherwise perfect spot.

The lonely fisherman continued on his journey, following the river. He heard a faint noise, hearing a crowd coming from the distance. He stopped and saw a group of people gathered on the bank, he was surprised to find them. They were a group of travelers, who had been invited of him.

"Please no doubt some of us have been here before," said the man. "We have been here before, and we have been here before." The man's voice was calm, but there was a sense of unease in his tone. "I have been here before, and I have been here before." The man's voice was calm, but there was a sense of unease in his tone. "I have been here before, and I have been here before."

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Sitting down on the soft grass, the fisherman took a large bite. Delicious.

"Oi! What are you doing ravaging my poor fruit trees like that!"

### Chapter 3 by Rn D



"Oi!" Another human, he said, startled.

"What, you've never seen one of our kind before," the stranger noted. Come into my house.

The fisherman followed willingly, not knowing what was about to happen.

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